PAUL FLANDERS
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6-39

CARMEL CYMBAL

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Searchers Comb Hills For Gus Wolter

SAYS THE EDITOR

YOU GET ONLY STATIC WHEN YOU TURN THE DIAL TO THE AUDIT

No, children, there has been nothing done out in the open for all to see about the audit.

There have been rumors floating up and down Ocean avenue that a certain amount of the alleged discrepancy in the improvement district funds has been paid into the city treasury, but we dunno. Our city council has said nothing about it. It may be, as Mayor Smith has expressed himself in other matters, none of the business of Carmel taxpayers.

Yes, the council has had an audit opinion—two, in fact—for some weeks now. It's the audit report it wanted in a very big hurry, so it could act.

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WHAT'S BEHIND COUNCIL'S STUBBORNNESS IN REMOVAL OF CITY HALL?

Just why is the city council even hesitating about moving the municipal offices to Ewig's post office building?

No one seems to know—not even the members of the council.

There they sit in about the dingiest council chambers in the State of California. Stretced out behind them are offices of the city clerk, building inspector and police and tax collector, only the last named having any appreciable amount of light from the great outdoors.

On the other hand, Ed Ewig offers the modern, spacious and artistically attractive quarters that could not be more adaptable if they were made to the order of the most fastidious legislators.

The four offices on the south side are light and airy. The auditorium section at the head of the stairs sparkles with every sort of Carmel atmosphere you could imagine.

As to noise, that's tommyrot! There is more noise to the square inch on Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street than in the whole block on Ocean avenue and Mission.

Ewig has opened the place for the inspection of the public. The doors are wide to anyone who will take the slight trouble to go up there and look. We are not trying to do something for Ewig at the expense of the city officers or the public, but he has something to offer and it's good.

He says the city can move in on September 1 and not begin to pay any rent until January 1—rent free for four months, and then $60 a month for three years straight. He will pay for the heat and the water. All the city will have in addition to the rent is the lights.

And how about giving some comfort and a little air to citizens who might occasionally want to sit in on what the council is doing? Certainly, the manner in which that building on Dolores street treated the public on a certain memorable night not so long ago was disgraceful.

The argument that it is possible the city may build a municipal building of its own, and therefore it is silly to move, is also out. There is as much chance of the city building a city hall within the next three years as there is of By Ford joining the Communist Party.

If you have been up in the present city hall and haven't seen

(Continued on Page Two)

EWIG MOVES UP TO NEW THREAT IN CITY HALL CHESS GAME

Paul Prince and Ed Ewig are having a swell time playing City Hall chess.

Ewig made a move Wednesday night when Prince wasn't looking.

It was rather a good move. From a lay standpoint, it looks as though Prince's Queen is in a bad spot.

At the very start of the council meeting Prince was on the job, moving a few pawns around on the board and assuring the council that he had met Ewig's move of a week previous by reducing the present city hall rental to Ewig's figures as offered for the post office building site.

In quite a lengthy discussion with Councilman Clara Kellogg, he went on unofficial record as being ready and willing, as a representative of the Carmel Development Company, the landlords, to do a little painting here, removal of a partition or two there, and generally placing the present quarters up on a par with the Library of Congress. In fact, he had most of his men staring Ewig's King and Queen right in their very eyes.

But then he went home, which was not so good. Because Ewig stood pat in the lobby, bided his time, and then all but tipped over the chess board with unbridled strategy.

He presented the city council with a plan of what he would do, or what could be done, in giving the "city's official family six light and airy offices in addition to the large assembly hall." The words inside the quotes are Mr. Ewig's own. This was alabaster enough (and we take credit for suggesting alabaster to Ed) but then he slid a bishop diagonally across the board to a po-

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CARMEL CAMERA CLUB QUITE A GROUP

The Carmel Camera Club, started by Peter Burk and Lloyd Weer some five months ago, now boasts a membership of around 25 camera nuts. The group meets on the second Tuesday of every month at Pine Inn. Each month an assignment is given to all the members. For instance, one month all the members go out to shoot trees, or something like that, and at the next meeting they all bring in their best shots. Group criticism follows on the different points of photographic perfection and finally a vote is taken and the three best prints are kept out and saved. At the end of six months or so they plan to have an exhibit. From the plates shown at the exhibit the best will be chosen to send to San Francisco and maybe New York or Paris or as far as they will get.

The dues for the club are 50 cents a month. Burk is president and Weer, secretary-treasurer. Carmel has always been a haven for professional camera artists and now seems to be a godsend to the serious minded amateurs. We await the exhibit.

Smith, Rowntree and Burge Reply To Statement by Citizens' Group In Instituting Recall Move

Editor's Note—The following statement by Mayor Everett Smith, Councilman Joseph A. Burge and Councilman Bernard Rowntree was placed in our hands Wednesday evening. We do not intend to comment on it in this issue, nor have we sought comment from others who might care to make reply. We feel that in all fairness to these three city officials that they have a right to have this Day in Court. Their statement is therefore published herewith as their reply to charges that have been made against them.

Reply to notice of reasons for proposed recall.

City Attorney is appointed by City Council and holds office at its pleasure. City is not required by law to have a city attorney, but council may appoint.

City Attorney resigned as was his privilege and was not dismissed, so dismissal was not unfair or illegal. If the telegram was a nullity it could have been ignored.

Mr. Campbell, at his request, was given an opportunity to meet with the council, time set, council met, but Mr. Campbell phoned saying he could not attend. He had been told his services were unsatisfactory and that the council was meeting to discuss the matter with him. He ignored the council.

The opportunity to resign was offered to obviate any publicity detrimental to him.

Our experience during our service as councilmen convinced us he was not giving competent service in his office. Occasions and facts causing us to reach this conclusion will be given in detail but we are limited to 500 words in this reply.

The final cost of the firehouse in excess of the architect's original estimate was due to increased costs of materials, the requirement that the city pay for skilled labor which the WPA could not furnish, the addition of items which the architect had not included and the fact that the architect's estimate did not include as much labor as WPA would have furnished if it had been asked for originally.

Expense of the audit is regrettable. Whether or not the city recovers the amount spent on the audit, the records must be straightened out. If a complete audit had been made by previous councils, the present audit would not have been necessary. The cost of "outside opinions" was necessary due to our inability to get the service we thought proper from the former city attorney, and the unexpected attack on the audit by the city clerk in the city attorney's absence.

The audit was referred to the city attorney and he promised a written report. He did not tell us it was not his duty to make a report, or that all we were to do was proceed then against the city clerk and let her defend herself. We were never told what to do. The telegram to us left us [illegible] report mentioned therein as following was to tell our [illegible] Not being lawyers we were in the dark as to the proper [illegible]

We have no k[illegible] any ordinances or resolutions being "haphazardly adopte[illegible] are "inimical to public interest." Ordinances and resolutions are a matter of public record and are enacted at council meetings where the public has the opportunity to voice its wishes and the legality is up to the city attorney.

Council meetings have not been "held contrary to law." No official actions have been taken at other than public meetings. Preliminary discussions have been held, otherwise, as anyone ought to know, a city council could not function efficiently.

EVERETT SMITH
JOSEPH A. BURGE
BERNARD ROWNTREE

Citizens Urge Council To Improve And Maintain Forest Theater

Corum Jackson's park and playground commission went to bat at the city council meeting Wednesday night. The best we can make out of the inning would read: "No hits, no runs, no errors."

Jackson presented the park commission budget, took it up item by item and said that what it asked for it needed, but that obviously only what it got could it spend.

The park commission budget totals something over $5,000 and the council shies at adding this to the city expenses for the new year. It admitted that the commission is not asking $5,000 more than was expended on parks and playgrounds and beach the past year, but it couldn't quite decide how much of the extra amount requested could be provided.

The extra sums over and above the present annual expenditure for parks and playgrounds, include an item for a full-time, all-year caretaker on the beach, receptacles for rubbish on the beach, a little extra for the care and improvement of the library grounds, and quite a little for putting the tennis courts in Carmel Woods in proper and permanent shape.

After considerable discussion, into which all members of the park commission present entered, as well as several citizens in the lobby, the council announced that it would consider the proposed budget in its meeting next Monday when it would attempt to draft the tax ordinance.

Then, Jackson turned to the commission's plans for the Forest Theater property. First off, it was announced that the Josselyn family, through Talbert Josselyn, had

(Continued on Page Eight)

VANISHING OF CARMEL MAN CAUSES FEAR OF FOUL PLAY

No trace of Gus Wolter had been found late last evening when The Cymbal went to press.

Scores of friends and organized searchers had combed Robinson Canyon up off the Carmel Valley, where he was last seen Tuesday evening, to no avail.

The search, aided by Sheriff Abbott and Constable Oyer, will continue today in the hope that Wolter, Carmel business man, may be lying injured by a fall, instead of being the victim of foul play as is so generally feared.

The absence of his dog at the same time is considered by many to be a certain sign that Wolter has either been attacked and beaten or spirited away.

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The first news of the disappearance of Wolter reached Carmel about 5 o'clock Wednesday morning when Jack Montgomery drove back into town and told how he had waited all night for his companion who failed to arrive at the meeting place arranged.

Montgomery said that he and Wolter were coming back down the Robinson canyon about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening after an unsuccessful hunting trip in the mountains above the Moore ranch. About three miles from the Carmel road, Wolter noticed a flashlight in the canyon, some distance off the road, and near where he has some wood stored preparatory to hauling it to his Carmel woodyard. Taking his gun and dog with him, he told Montgomery to drive on a short distance and he would investigate the mysterious lights before joining him.

Montgomery drove on and stopped at the prearranged place. He said he waited for about half an hour when he heard a truck approaching and in the dark saw the machine as it passed him and went on down toward the Carmel Valley road. He did not get the license number, in fact, was not disturbed by the appearance of the truck as he did not connect it with Wolter.

He then waited another hour and made a tour back up the canyon road. Seeing or hearing nothing from Wolter he went back again to the meeting place. He waited there until 4 o'clock Wednesday morning before driving back to Carmel.

A searching party of Wolter's friends immediately went out to Robinson Canyon and scoured the district. They found traces of Wolter and his dog near where the wood was stacked. Returning to town Wednesday evening, they organized other searchers and went back. A detachment of CCC men was delegated to search yesterday, but was unable to find any trace of the missing man.

There is much conjecture as to the identity of the truck which Montgomery saw, and its occupants. It is feared that it was driven by a man or men whom Wolter encountered when he went to investigate the flashlight.

(Continued on Page Seven)

Ewig's proposed quarters, go up today and look at them—the doors are open. If you haven't ever been in the Dolores street place, go up there, and then inspect Ewig's alternative. Alternative, forsooth—it's a palace.

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KENT CLARK BETTER STAY AWAY FROM COUNCIL IF HE WOULD MAINTAIN STAND

If Kent Clark, who is much opposed to recalling three of our dominating councilmen, doesn't quit attending council meetings, it is more than likely that before the fatal day of the recall election he will be on our side as decidedly as he is now on the other.

For instance, he was in attendance this last Wednesday night. He listened in silent attention to the arguments pro and con regarding the Forest Theater. He heard several sums of money mentioned in connection with the Forest Theater improvement plans and other park commission proposals. He heard appropriations mentioned, tax increases, bond issues.

Finally, being a stickler for details, as we have respectfully mentioned; wanting to know facts and figures, as he justifiably should, he rose from his seat and put this question:

"Would the council please inform me as to how much money you can appropriate for any given purpose before a bond issue is necessary to acquire it?"

It was a good question. It was entitled to a good answer from the legislative body which spends the taxpayers' money, or considers the spending of it. Did it get a good answer? It did not. It didn't get any answer at all. It got blank expressions from those about the council board.

Then, finally, Mayor Everett Smith looked appealingly in the direction of Bert Heron in the lobby.

"Maybe a former mayor can tell us," he said.

Maybe former Mayor Heron could, but he didn't. So Saidee Van Brower scurried into her office for the law. She brought it back to the mayor. He flipped over a few pages of it and then closed it. Some other matters had speedily arrested the council's attention.

Kent Clark's perfectly good question still hangs in the air. We would suggest he better quit asking that council questions about city affairs, taxpayers' money, etc. We would suggest that he quit attending council meetings, at all—that is, if he wants to stay on the anti-recall side of the fence.

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ALL COUNCIL NEEDED THIS LAST MEETING WAS AT LEAST ONE-THIRD OF ITS ATTORNEYS

Which brings us to the matter of city attorneys, present in the flesh at council meetings, or giving the council silent treatment from afar.

It was promised by Mayor Everett Smith at last week's meeting of the council, in answer to a query from Councilman Clara Kellogg, that a representative of the firm of Hudson, Martin & Ferrante would be present at each council meeting, to bestow legal opinion around and about as requested.

There was no inkling of legal talent present at this Wednesday night's meeting, although there were many things discussed that could have used a little legal wisdom to advantage. The entire proceedings could have been considerably facilitated if one could have turned to Mr. Hudson, Mr. Martin or Mr. Ferrante, even, in fact, to young Billy, who is said to be far ahead of his age in the lore of law, and asked a couple of questions or three. The chances are about even that Mr. Kent Clark's question could have gotten something besides silence.

But there are to be legal opinions. When the firm of Hudson, Martin and Ferrante gets a list of what the council wants to know as a result of floundering around this Wednesday night, it's going to look "unreasonable" to the law firm, and the $75 a month stipend for opinions "within reason" never in the wide world will cover it.

The council has to find out whether or not it can close Seventh street, between Santa Rita and Guadalupe, as is suggested by the Josselyn family. It has to find out just how far it can go in the matter of fire zoning. It must know what claim Paul and Grace Flanders have because Crespi Lane, leading to their home, has been ruined by flood waters. It has to determine what recourse it has against heavy trucks and busses zooming along San Carlos street by the Sunset School. It may be possible that legal opinion would be advisable as to whether or not Frank Townsend can have a private key to the tennis courts in Carmel Woods.

We don't know much about attorneys, having eluded them as much as has been possible, but we have had some experience with the cost of stenographers and typewriter paper. And if the legal opinions desired by the council in this one week are to be submitted by Messrs. Hudson, Martin and Ferrante in writing, those items are going to make that $75 look like the fee of a Mexican attorney for a "quiet" divorce.

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A FEW THINGS HAPPENING TO AND AROUND A SMALL-TOWN EDITOR

Wandering about on our chores as something of an editor, several matters have suggested themselves to us during the past week. We will list them, not in the order of their importance, necessarily, but as they re-occur to us.

* * *

First, we like the new Mary Dummage building at Lincoln and Ocean avenue. That is, we like the exterior of it, the walls, in brick. On the Lincoln street frontage the structure has the appearance of a New England building. Whether it is important that a New England-type building is being built in Carmel, we don't know, but we consider it attractive. We wonder why Guy Koepp designed the roof to jut up above the Charmak & Chandler roof on Ocean avenue. In our lay mind we are inclined to disapprove of that.

* * *

Second, we were sipping our eleventh cup of coffee in the Carmel Dairy the other day and gazing un-abstractedly out the big swell windows to the east when what should jerk us to annoyed attention, but a woman, stepping from a car with a bag of flour or sugar under her arm. It wasn't the bag of flour that annoyed us, but the method the woman had employed to protect her dress from it. She had it wrapped in a priceless Bach Festival Edition of THE CYMBAL. Not priceless, either, we should hasten to amend—she could have gotten about a million dollars for that issue of THE CYMBAL, in good order and not floured or sugared.

* * *

Third, we are standing better with the Dick Johnsons now. Even though we did sort of make things unpleasant for Patty Johnson Trevvett, as well as her mother and father, by printing that Rhoda and Dick had been married only 21 years, we're in right again now. Dick told us he had tried to keep from us his acquisition of a new station wagon because, "my creditors will sweep down on me." We could see that, but we were adamant and printed it. And this is what happened within five minutes after THE CYMBAL had been delivered to its Monterey subscribers. Paul Mays rang Dick up and said he had read in THE CYMBAL about him and Rhoda going away on a trip in their new station wagon. "So," added Paul, "I wanted to find out if you had left yet. I want to pay you that $4.20 I owe you before you go."

* * *

We worked a questionnaire stunt up and down Ocean avenue, in this store and that, one day this past week. We had a question that we demanded should be answered with a "Yes" or "No." We got lots of yesses and noes, but we got some "Refuse to answer, as it might incriminate me." Chief Bob Norton, a bit embarrassed as he should be, answered: "What do you think?" Ray Burns said "No" and Louis Conlan said "No," then stopped to think and changed it to "Yes." Mrs. Ewig said "No," of course, but right up quick, Ed, himself, said "Yes." We got lots more answers, we'd say about half a hundred. We don't remember what the question was—something about the recall election, we think.

* * *

We don't attempt to explain this, even to comment on it. We could scarcely believe our eyes, but there it was, in Saidee's clear, Spencerian, copybook handwriting, with every letter perfect and unmistakable. It is on the warrant paying George P. Ross $50 for "Special Services in May, 1937." Ira Taylor, the city treasurer, has it among the June warrants returned to him by the Bank of Carmel. On the one which pays Ross the salary of $50 for being city judge, the signature above the printed "City Clerk" reads: "Saidee Van Brower." On the other one, the "Special Services" one, the signature above the "City Clerk" reads just as clear and unmistakable: "Saidee Van Burge."

—W. K. B.

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How Our Western Polo Team Fared

The team was organized by C. H. Jackson of Santa Barbara, and played under the name of Santa Barbara. The players were:

Harry East, No. 1 (5); Alec Bullock, No. 2 (5); E. Tyrrell-Martin, No. 3 (8); C. H. Jackson, Back (2).

(The numbers in parentheses are handicaps.)

The schedule was to play in the 20-goal events at Meadowbrook and in the United States Junior at Narragansett. The team arrived slightly too late to be really successful at Meadowbrook, where the events started June 15, but after a poor start, as we lost the first 2 matches, we won the last four, and finished in third place, as the tournament was run on the league basis.

The main event on our program was the Junior, which started August 1, and was played at Narragansett. Eight teams entered, and we were very successful, winning the final game against a strong Long Island team by 12-7. This was the first time since 1924 that the Junior had been won by a Californian team. The following week we won the main handicap event by a score of 13-3 in the final 9, so finished up a very successful trip. —E. T.-M.

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Sri Khagan, Hindu minister, philosopher and teacher at the Self-Realization Center at Los Angeles, spent the week-end at the home of Borghild Janson in Eighty Acres.

Personalities & Personals

Freda Flory of San Jose and Jack Craver of Carmel were married at the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Pacific Grove last Thursday evening. A reception following the ceremony was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rogers of Carmel. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Franklin Flory of Monterey and Craver is the son of Mrs. Clarence Ross McConnell of Carmel.

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Mrs. Katherine Peterson renewed acquaintances last week with an old schoolmate. The schoolmate is rather high up in the theatrical world at present. He is Billy Gaxton of "Of Thee I Sing" fame. He and his wife and Victor Moore were staying at La Playa over last week-end. Gaxton has recently been made Shepherd of the Lambs' Club.

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Ellen O'Sullivan and Mrs. Burton Williams are heading for Vancouver. They were guests of honor at a goodbye luncheon at the Mission Ranch Club last Wednesday given by Mrs. James G. Hooper.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wheldon are making an extended tour of Alaska. They went from Carmel to Seattle by motor and from there by boat to their destination or destinations.

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The Rev. and Mrs. Carel Hulsewé returned from their vacation this week. Mr. Hulsewé will deliver the Sunday morning sermon at All Saints Church of which he is the rector. The Children's Church School will be resumed on Sunday after several weeks of vacation. The Children's Service begins at 10 o'clock, the regular morning service at 11.

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Mrs. Thomas Doud and Miss Anita Doud entertained at a birthday supper party Tuesday afternoon in honor of Peggy Doud's tenth birthday. Peggy invited 40 youngsters to help her celebrate and Mrs. Doud bought 40 whistles to help. We wish Peggy an extra "Happy Birthday" and many to come.

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Two of Remo Scardigli's carved redwood panels, done under the Federal Art Project, have been installed in the library in New Monterey. Miss Bertha Dubinski, head librarian at Monterey, chose them from a group at Colton Hall. The panels are of "A Monterey Fisherman" and "Artichoke Pickers."

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Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Ware and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson McNutt have taken a house in Carmel for an indefinite period. Both couples are from Hollywood and are collaborators in scenario writing.

The Reverend and Mrs. William Atwood of Centerville are enjoying a month's vacation in Carmel. Mr. Atwood is rector of St. James Episcopal church in the valley town.

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"Kay the Potter" Jones became Mrs. Robert "Swing It Boys" Kinney last Monday at the home of Kay's aunt, Mrs. S. S. Gladney, in Oakland.

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Frank and Marjory Lloyd, und kinder, were in Carmel over the week-end visiting with friends and Frank's parents, the Frank Lloyds, Sr.

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The Douglas Sims, and Joan and Jeanne Sim, are in Carmel for one last vacation week in their summer home here before school starts in San Jose.

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Charlotte Lawrence will be guest of honor at a luncheon and kitchen shower next Monday. Her hostesses will be Betty Jane Seabury and Helen Daly and the affair will be held at the Daly home on Olmstead avenue in Pacific Grove. Miss Lawrence has recently become engaged to Lieut. Robert G. Ferguson.

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Gertrude Wall, ceramic authority, was the guest of Miss Flora Gifford over the week-end.

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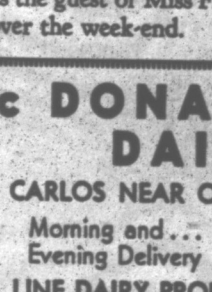
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EWIG MOVES UP TO NEW THREAT IN CITY HALL CHESS GAME

(Continued from Page One)

sition that made the ecclesiastical gentleman as dangerous as hell. He informed the city council that he would let it have the upper floor of his post office building for a straight $60 a month for three years.

On his first move, two weeks ago, he had made the rental an average of $70 a month for a three-year period. Paul Prince last week moved over and covered this. Now look! There's Ewig's bishop standing out there with a loaded mortar, loaded with $60 a month.

Of course, Ewig won't pay for the lights at this rate. But he will pay for the steam heat and the water. He says that in his plan for putting "six light airy offices" on the east side of the present assembly hall, there will be no need of artificial lights in the daytime.

Well, anyway, Ewig's new move has been recorded and filed, and we suppose that by now Paul Prince has been provided with the new line-up on the chess board.

Somebody's King is going to get cornered in this game, we can readily see—and the city will find itself with city hall headquarters, either light and airy, or dull and drab, and either Paul Prince or Ed Ewig will be paying it a bonus for staying in them.

Incidentally, a kibitzer tried to gum up the game Wednesday night. Louise Rice-Carter wrote a letter to the council in which she described Ewig's proposed city hall quarters as somewhat akin to Dante's *Inferno*, with all the fires going full blast. If you believe what Mrs. Rice-Carter set down in her letter, the city might just as well move the city hall to a boiler factory or down on the garbage disposal plant at the mouth of the river. Both as to noise and as to health, Mrs. Rice-Carter just can't see it. It was an interesting letter, every sentence with a punch in it, but somehow it wasn't received with the respect due its rhetoric or its sincerity. Something tells us that it won't have any effect on the chess board moves. This is Ed Ewig's and Paul Prince's little game, and sideline comment thereon is not to be tolerated.

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SAN FRANCISCO HAS SOME GOOD THINGS IN DRAMA

Now that the drama has deserted Carmel, or perhaps Carmel has deserted the drama, those few choice spirits who will travel to San Francisco for a worthwhile show will be interested to know what is in the books for the future season there.

Walter Huston comes next month in the astronomical play by David Hertz called "Miles of Heaven," the story of William Herschel who discovered the planet Uranus and built the world's largest telescope. The telescope is to be built on the stage and will probably be a big headache to the stage managers and carpenters, even if it is a thrill to the audience. Along with Huston will be his wife, Nan Sunderland, and Barbara O'Neil, both talented actresses.

Later in the season Paul Posz will bring "Lady Precious Stream" to the San Francisco stage. This play, which is the first Chinese play to reach the American stage in an English translation, has been on tour throughout the country since its signal New York success.

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Mrs. Paul Eliel of Palo Alto, California president of the League of Women Voters, was at Peter Pan Lodge last week-end.

Delos Curtis

Another of Carmel's human landmarks is gone.

It is neither inappropriate nor incongruous to say that Delos Curtis was a landmark. Either standing in front of his store on Ocean avenue, topped by his everlasting sailor's cap, or once or twice a day traversing the blocks between there and the post office. Delos Curtis did not move far from his place of business. He was identified wholeheartedly with it, and wholeheartedly he was of the old Carmel of which the Curtis candy store and restaurant remains today as one of the few survivals.

His peanut wagon is part of history, his candy canes for the children on Christmas, when children were not so numerous as to be prohibitively expensive—his abiding kindness, human sympathy and love for his fellowman. These were Delos Curtis.

The death of Mrs. Curtis last year was a blow which he found it impossible wholly to sustain. It left him alone in a land which had grown away from the life of which he was so characteristically a part, a contributory part. It complicated his mental and physical troubles so that a few months ago he virtually surrendered, lay down and last Saturday died.

Delos Curtis was 68 years old when he died. He had lived in Carmel for 30 years. His body was buried last Monday in the Monterey cemetery. He leaves a sister, Mrs. George Krumb, in Alameda, and a niece, Miss Lily Sanderson, who for the past few months has been carrying on at the old store.

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PHOEBE BINNEY HARNDEN DIES IN SARDINIA

Word comes to us of the death of Phoebe Binney Harnden in Sardinia, last week. Mrs. Harnden was on her way home from Tunis, North Africa, where she spent the last two years and was taken suddenly ill and removed from the ship at the Mediterranean seaport. Relatives were notified through the American consul. Mrs. Harnden was a world-known psychiatrist. She had studied with Adler, Jung and Freud, and has written many authoritative papers on the subject.

She leaves a husband, Robert Harnden, now in Honolulu, and a son, Peter Graham Harnden, husband of Moira Wallace Harnden, in San Francisco. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Gibbons, lives in Carmel.

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MANY ATTEND OPENING OF ENGRACIA STUDIO

Among those who attended the opening of the Engracia Studio, the new millinery salon owned by Grace Matthews Case, last Saturday afternoon were: Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cox, Mrs. Florence Mignerey of San Francisco, Mrs. Edwin Breen of King City, Mrs. Arthur Tudury of San Francisco, Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard and daughter, Shirlie, of Carmel, Mrs. Frank Lawrence, Mrs. George Uhl of Salinas, Karl Siegal and Marsden Argall of San Francisco and Inez Matthews of Oakland and Hollywood, creator of the Ice Box Flowers. Marsden Argall, well known San Francisco baritone, sang several songs accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Tudury.

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The daily record of visitors at the Federal Art Gallery in the Seven Arts Court on Lincoln near Ocean showed an attendance of 78 persons one day last week. Good things attract a goodly number of people. They couldn't all have been the merely curious.

CARMEL MISSION TO BE SCENE OF ELABORATE SERVICES IN HONOR OF FATHER SERRA

Father Augustine Holbrecht, O. F.M., pastor of Santa Barbara Mission, well known author and historian, will preach on the life of Junipero Serra at the 11 o'clock mass at the Carmel Mission this Sunday, August 29. Father Michael O'Connell will celebrate solemn mass and following the ceremony Excelentisima Maria Antonia Field will lay a wreath on the grave of Father Serra in the Mission.

Assisting Father O'Connell will be the Rev. Peter Santi and the Rev. E. E. McDonald. The Rev. Clement Higgins and John Boyle will act as masters of ceremonies and Roger McNeil, Donald Morton, Peter Elliott and Bobby Morton will serve and act as acolytes.

A select choir of men's voices will sing the Mass with Noel Sullivan presiding at the organ and directing the music.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon Father Serra's cell, which has recently been restored, will be formally dedicated with solemn religious rites and the cause for the Beatification of the padre will be begun.

Descendants of some of the 5000 Indians baptized by Father Serra at Carmel will attend the ceremonies. Among them will be members of the Onesima family, descendants of Chief Bohuranda, who saved the Spaniards from massacre in 1770 and received the baptismal name of Onesima from Serra himself.

Father Serra died in his cell on August 28, 1784, according to the records of Father Palou whom Serra called from Mission Dolores to be at his side. Father Palou suggested bringing the Holy Viaticum to the dying priest but he refused and rose from his bed and walked into the main church to receive it. Serra then returned to the refectory and told Palou and the others he would rest awhile. Two hours later Father Palou found him dead. He was 71 at the time of his death, having been in the Franciscan order for 54 years. He sailed from Spain in 1749 and came to upper California in 1769. The movement to canonize the Padre will begin Sunday and all those anxious to establish his sainthood will gather together at the dedication.

At the conclusion of the dedicatory ceremonies, Senor José Alonzo, well-known Spanish Californian, will recount the contributions o fOld Spain to the New World. Captain Antonio Martin will conclude with a talk i nSpanish.

The concluding event of the day wil be a program of Spanish songs and dances unlder the sponsorship of Mrs. Maria Antonia Bach Thompson, followed by the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the grave of Father Serra.

Judge Ross Declines To Tell Us What He Did To Get $50 Fee For "Special Services" in May

Judge George P. Ross refuses to tell us what were the "Special Services in May" for which he received on June 9, or thereabout, the sum of $50 from the city treasury.

In answer to our query this week, he said:

"That was for my May salary as judge."

"Then why does the voucher read: 'Special Services'? Why not 'Salary as judge'?"

He replied that he didn't know; that all that interested him was the amount, not what was written on the voucher relative to it.

This appeared plausible to us—for about five minutes—until we could get to the city clerk's office, and look up that voucher again.

This is what we found, which makes Judge Ross' statement a bit peculiar, to say the last. We found two vouchers, both dated June 2, as to issue, and dated June 9, as to signatures by three councilmen, Mayor Everett Smith, Clara Kellogg and Bernard Rowntree. One of these vouchers reads: "No. 8844. For Special Service in May, 1937," and it is for $50. The other reads: "No. 8845. Salary, Police Judge, For May, 1937," and it is for $50.

Now what was the $50 for? Judge Ross refuses to tell us. He *says* it was for his salary as police judge. Then what about the other voucher?

Perhaps he didn't get the money? Maybe he tore up that extra voucher and just let the city have the $50?

No, he didn't. Ira D. Taylor, city treasurer of the city of Carmel, has the returned and cancelled warrants from the Bank of Carmel, both signed by George P. Ross, one "For Special Service in May, 1937—$50," and the other one, the same date, "Salary, Police Judge, May 1937—$50."

What was that $50 for "Special Services" for? And why was it—in May—when Argyll Campbell was the regular city attorney of the city and was being paid a regular salary of $75 a month as same?

We can't find out. No one, not even Judge Ross, appears to know.

The $75 received by Ross on August 1 is noted on a voucher and the warrant as for "special services in reference to use of city-owned equipment, insurance, limit of use—fire matters, etc.—audit."

This was legal opinion given to Councilman Rowntree on which the councilman introduced the resolution giving official sanction for the operation of the Red Cross ambulance outside of the city limits by members of the fire department. Previous opinions by Argyll Campbell, then city attorney, were not "satisfactory" to Rowntree as the councilman himself said in a council meeting. Campbell warned that the city might get into a mess by giving this official sanction.

Of course, we understand the reference to the audit. This was the written opinion Judge Ross gave to the council following the receipt of the telegraphic opinion from Campbell which the council did not consider adequate. Campbell has since shown that his telegraphic opinion gave the city all the authority it needed on which to act in the matter of collecting money lost through errors in the assessments, as charged by the auditors.

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Mrs. Mabel Turner was guest of honor at a handkerchief shower given her by Miss Carol Curd last week. Those who joined in wishing Mrs. Turner happiness in her forthcoming marriage were: Mrs. Charlotte Morgan, Clara Hinds, Marian Turner, Elizabeth Armstrong, Mrs. Frances Turner, Helen and Harriet Pierce, Mrs. Clara Beller and Jane Thompson.

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The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

Published every Friday by

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E. A. H. Watson • A. Porter Halsey
W. K. Bassett

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 7 No. 9

August 27, 1937

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly *net paid* circulation of THE CARMEL CYMBAL for the past six months:

February	485
March	566
April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809

The July average weekly net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *of 671 in the Carmel area (Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach) is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.*

THANKS US FOR CALLING ATTENTION TO OPINION BY KENT CLARK

Editor, THE CYMBAL:

I am glad that your editorial in the last issue of THE CYMBAL criticizing Mr. Kent Clark's letter in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald* of August 16 has called the attention of our community to Mr. Clark's sane and practical suggestions regarding the recall of three of our councilmen as expressed in that letter.

Very truly yours,
KARL G. RENDTORFF

August 23, 1937

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Mrs. Ella Alston became the wife of Edwin W. Fischer a week ago Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Fischer are associates in Ella's Southern Kitchen. Mrs. Fischer is a native of Missouri and came to the Peninsula some years ago. Her husband is from Virginia where he taught business practice in one of the schools there. Lucky Fischer, may the hot biscuits melt in his mouth for many years to come.

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The Mission Ranch Club will have a Sports Dance for members and their friends a week from tomorrow night, September 4. Allen Knight, who would leave Carmel in a sorry "Swingless" hole if he ever left town, will play for the dance. A large crowd is expected.

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Edda Maxwell Heath, Carmel artist, and her sister, Mrs. Belle Fisher of New York, are visiting the beauty spots in Yosemite. They plan to drive to Los Angeles before they return to their respective homes. Miss Heath's mother is staying at the George Koch home in Carmel Valley during her daughter's absence.

SPINDRIFT

Waves of yearning
Waves of sadness
Rhythmic waves of life sweep o'er
Bringing ever greater madness
To us mortals on the shore.

Green, translucent waves are lovely
Capped with soft, transcendent white
Rolling inward, ever inward
Far into the loathsome night.

We are spindrift, lost and lonely
Blown by every breeze that blows
Tossed by every wave that surges
Drifting down each stream that flows.

—LIBBY LEY

\+ + +

BARBARA, DAUGHTER OF THE NEB LEWISES, IS TO MARRY NEXT YEAR

Mr. and Mrs. George Meeker Lewis of Santa Barbara, formerly of Carmel (remember the "Neb" Lewises?) are announcing the engagement of their daughter Barbara to Samuel Alexander Culbertson II, son of Mrs. Wallace Kirk of Chicago and Craig Culbertson of New York City. Barbara Lewis is a graduate of Sunset School and also of Santa Barbara Girls' School and is now a member of the Santa Barbara Spinsters. The marriage will take place early next summer.

\+ + +

HAGEMAN PROVES GOOD BARBECUE HOST

William Hageman was host at a stag barbecue last Saturday at his place out the Carmel Valley. Those in line with plates and forks were: Walter Gaddum, "Doc" Staniford, Paul Flanders, Irving Henry, William Frolli, Frank Shea, J. P. Todd, Gene Ricketts Louis Mathies, Dr. Frank B. Topping, Senator E. H. Tickle, A. Prounty, Captain Reed, A. T. Shand and Carrol Joy.

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Sara Reamer Chance and husband, Gene, are at The Point for a short vacation at the Reamer home.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bixler entertained at a small gathering at their home on Guadalupe last Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gale Griswold of Modesto. Griswold is head of the Science Department at Modesto Junior College and teaches photography there. He showed the group some of his recent shots of Bryce Canyon, the Grand Canyon, Taos, Death Valley and the Peninsula. The pictures are in color.

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John and Carol Steinbeck have arrived in New York from their trip to the European continent. The Steinbecks will remain in the East to help in the production of "Of Mice and Men" which goes into the bright lights of Broadway this Fall.

\+ + +

The Monterey Musical Art Club will open its fall session with a musicale at the home of Mrs. T. W. Van Ess at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, Tuesday, September 7.

Borghild Janson will read the dramatic lines of Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser" and the important arias from the opera will be sung by a group of soloists. Edith Anderson, Annabelle Powell, Lily Walker, Andrew Sessink and W. B. Williams will take the solo parts and sing choral selections under the direction of Edward Hopkins. Gladys Steele Gunderson and May Williams will play the piano accompaniments and Max Hagemeyer will play the 'cello.

\+ + +

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The village Beau Brummel, *Domino* Yates, looked more dashing than ever last Monday all dressed up in a gay red bow—he was celebrating his eighth birthday and he had a cake with candles and presents and all the trimmings. Many happy returns, *Domino!*

\+

Dr. Hammond's sanitorium, on the Castroville highway, has become a rendezvous for Carmel's canine convalescents. Among the well-known villagers who were seen there, all on the same day, were Miss *Miscan* Fraser, looking irresistible in her pink bow in spite of her toothache, *Michael* Brown, saturated with hair-tonic, and *Blue* Clark, all done up in adhesive tape and splints. (*Blue*, it seems, was the unfortunate victim of a hit-run driver who ran over him and broke his leg.)

\+

That handsome young stranger who has been the cause of so much speculation among the young ladies of the cocker spaniel set is *Ginger* Wood, of Piedmont, who has been staying in Playhouse with his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Will C. Wood. *Ginger*, a very fine figure of a dog, says he likes Carmel very much, but that his favorite spots are Carmel Woods and Cypress Point.

\+

Bee Gee and *Bunty* Howe have been beaming with joy since their owners, Mrs. Howe and Winifred, have returned from a short vacation. While they were away *Bee Gee* (the problem child) roamed the streets stopping before every house where he heard a piano, to listen for a familiar sound and to give mournful howls. But *Bunty* was much more philosophical about it. He knew that if he sat and waited the Howes would return soon—so he just sat at home and waited.

\+

Patsy O'Shea Henderson, who is an Irish terrier, claims the distinction of being the only Carmel citizen who enjoys the summer visitors. The charming titian-haired colleen delights in walking about the village with her owners, the Misses Henderson, and sniffing out the out-of-towners from among the passers-by. At first it was pretty hard to distinguish tourists from villagers, but that was two and a half years ago. Now *Patsy* says it is so simple she can do it with her eyes shut.

\+

(Michael Moore sent in the following poem which he clipped from a magazine. He hopes you like it as much as we did.)

I THINK I KNOW NO FINER THINGS THAN DOGS

Though prejudice perhaps my mind befogs
I think I know no finer things than dogs.
The young ones, they of gay and bounding heart,
Who lure us in their games to take a part,
Who with mock tragedy their antics cloak
And from their wild eyes' tail, admit the joke.
The old ones, with their wistful, fading eyes,
They who desire no further paradise
Than the warm comfort of your smile and hand,
Who tune their mood to ours and understand
Each word and gesture; they who lie and wait
To welcome us—with no rebuke if late.
Sublime the love they bear; but ask to live
Close to our feet, unrecompensed to give;
Beside which many men seem very logs—
I think I know no finer things than dogs.

HALLIE CARRINGTON BRENT

\+ + +

Mrs. Fenton Grigsby entertained at a bridge-tea last Saturday afternoon in honor of her two sisters, Mrs. William M. Leyman and Mrs. H. M. Lansdowne. Mrs. Leyman comes from Portland and is now making her home in Carmel, and Mrs. Lansdowne is from Yuma, Arizona, and will return to her home there this week after spending the summer in Carmel.

Mrs. Grigsby and her daughter, Mary Agnes, have recently returned from a trip to Mexico and used this to advantage in the decorations and favors for the afternoon occasion. Mrs. Henry Hasty assisted at the tea table.

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COMMUNITY RUMMAGE SALE DOING GOOD BUSINESS

The Community Church Rummage Sale which will run until Saturday night had taken in about $250 when we went to press. The women of the Guild have worked hard at the store which is next to the Dolores Pharmacy on the corner of Dolores and Seventh, and if you haven't already succumbed to the magic of "rummaging" get over to the store before they close.

Dr. and Mrs. Mast Wolfson of Monterey entertained at dinner last Tuesday evening to celebrate areir wedding anniversary and that of Major and Mrs. Ralph Coote. Other guests for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Burk and Mr. and Mrs. Remo Scardigli.

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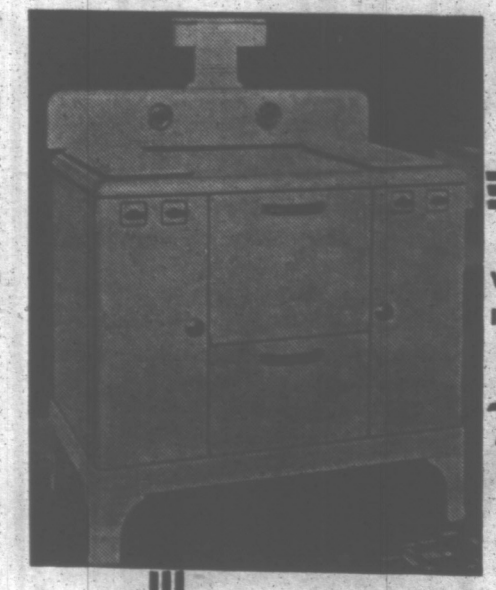

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CLANGING CYMBALS

Without any doubt we have the finest job in the world. Every now and then we pause in our pleasant pastime of interviewing the universe at large, to wrack our brain in an effort to think up a job that even approaches ours for pure pleasure but we simply can't do it. It has been our almost inconceivable good luck to have worked—in the two jobs we have held in our life—for two of the best bosses you can imagine. Dr. Charles R. Mann, then director of the American Council of Education; and W. K. Bassett, our Editor. We love Dorothea and Virginia and Myrtle and Gene and Porter and Libby and Jessie Joan. And Dick, who has a mysterious function around the office we've never asked about because Dick is practically our final illusion in life.

And we live in a glow because people are so nice about telling us they actually read what we write. They'll never know how much it means to us.

But sometimes—just once in a while—this job, like any other, gets into the doldrums. Our child mislikes to be born at all and when, after a difficult breach presentation, it launches upon the world, we creep into some dark place and commune with dismalness.

Such a week this one has been. Filled with things to do, to see, to feel; filled with millions and millions of syllables now all gone up our chimney. For instance, we went over to Hollister to the Rodeo the other day. What a deadly bore that turned out to be! A lot of weary looking old bulls, going up and down, first one end and then the other like old teeter boards. A bucking bronco named *Funeral Wagon*. A blasé wild horse that just lay down on the track and thumbed his nose at the other wild horses. Anyway, that was a dead story except for the moment when, coming over the San Juan grade in the early evening, we suddenly felt ourself in a lovely glow, and the billion-dollar-gold-piece moon had just come up on the backdrop of the far hills and was rolling down the valley straight at us.

So we turned turtle and slid up to San Francisco to see Fantastic Art. Well, that's another thing, too, that failed us. We were vastly amused and no end interested but we can't seem to think of anything to say about it, except that we know now that the soap dish is not a soap dish at all but only a cigarette butt and a fragment of the pelvis of a Miocono sloth. At any rate, it wouldn't hold soap the next time we looked at it after viewing Dali's watches; and we are just now living in deadly fear that we'll either line our coffee pot with Thomas, our cat, or, in an off moment, draw a picture of a dream we had last night.

There were two signs we saw in Berkeley which did amuse us. A dry cleansing establishment displaying: Sudden Cleaning Done Here. If we'd had time we might have been suddenly cleaned, just for fun.

The other on a smallish truck passing underneath our window. The truck had a narrow back door with bars in it. On it were the words: The Mobilized Women of Berkeley.

+

So, the week went. We didn't get home until tonight and in a dreadful dither about *Clanging Cymbals*. Then, waiting for us at the Post Office was a letter and we quote from it; "I have been interested in the little stories you write from time to time about your Mother. She must have been a wonderful woman. Why don't you write a book about her?" The letter is signed "Sarah W."

Well, Sarah W., you could not have done us a greater favor nor given us much more joy. For if there is anything in the world we love to talk about, it is our Mother.

Ever since she died six years ago this Fall, we have wanted to write about her. But until we began doing this column we have never discovered just how. She does not belong in a book, really. For to put a person into a book—into a book that is any good—is to make of that person a work of art, and by definition a work of art is something that has been made to fit a given set of rules or standards imposed by man. There is no way to treat her like that. We have tried and tried, but she won't foreshorten for perspective; she won't cramp or expand for composition; there was too much light in her for the brushes' sake; and she was never at any time either a representation or an abstraction; she was an essence.

If we could possibly put into words the basis of our great love and admiration of her they would make the simple statement that she was the most excellent human being we have ever known. Born and brought up in a New England village, her father a deacon in the Baptist Church, and never once in her own life departing the strict code implied therein, she yet unquestioningly understood the fountains of all living. One could not say she was tolerant. She was tolerance. Nor again, she was wise; for she was wisdom. Nor, she was fun; because she was the presence of joy itself.

No. She would not make a character in a book. If our small and terribly uncomprehending minds could compass the idea of a good life in the absolute sense, there she still stands—for no death comes near these—at once its symbol and its living incarnation.

And, vain little woman that she secretly was, how she would love seeing her name in THE CYMBAL!

—LYNDA SARGENT

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DANDINIS PLAN TEA TO HONOR EXCELENTISIMA MARIA ANTONIA FIELD

Count and Countess Alessandro Dandini will give a tea Sunday afternoon, August 29, at their home in Carmel Woods in honor of Excelentisima Maria Antonia Field. The honoree is in charge of the dedication ceremonies to be held at the Carmel Mission the same day. She was knighted several years ago by King Alfonso XIII for her work in preserving Spanish California history.

+ + +

Mrs. Mabel Turner will become Mrs. William H. Hamilton after the middle of October. Mrs. Turner has been a resident of Carmel for many years and after her marriage will divide her time between Carmel and Battle Creek, Michigan. Hamilton is in Battle Creek and the wedding will take place at the home of Mrs. Turner's brother, Edwin L. Baker, in Adrian, Michigan. Mrs. Turner's daughter, Marian, has recently come to Carmel to live. Her other daughter, Mrs. Alex Sheriffs, is in San Francisco.

It All Depends On Whose Sleep Is Shattered

She had had a hard week. Millions of tourists had milled in and out of her shop, buying little, handling much, and asking unanswerable questions. Sunday was a welcome break and Sunday morning promised the sweetness of that half-conscious sleep in which we are able to appreciate the luxury of it.

But suddenly into that paradise broke the yells and screams of turmoil from without. Human beings with hideous cry assaulted the quiet ear of morning. They were youthful human beings. They screamed—and hung on the lady's gate.

Calling upon every vestige of energy she could control, she staggered out of bed and to the window.

"Go home, little boys," she commanded.

"We can't go home," one of them answered, "Mother's trying to sleep and she says we make too much noise."

There was some reply to that; some sort of a reply, sent forth from the window after new breath had come—but what it was is of no concern to us. It is enough to know that human kind can and must suffer, enough that we can and must record it.

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Karl E. Siegal, Photo Artist, Visits Us

Karl Erhard Siegal, who wanders throughout the world in quest of new photographic material, was in Carmel over last week-end. He has been here before but this last visit rather reminded him of how much he liked the place, and he is coming down for the month of September to rest and visit and do a bit of work. Siegal had a studio in Greenwich Village for some time and then, as he says, got tired of "the present-day Bohemianism of the Latin Quarter . . . with its pseudo-artists, philanderers and appendage of erotic and neurotic hangers-on, wishing to achieve the dubious distinction of being dubbed 'Bohemians'" . . . and he packed his rucksack for a tour of the world. He has visited the various art centers of Europe and America and made one very interesting trip into Thibet, which we hope to tell you more of later.

Leastwise, for a month Siegal will visit with the "Bohemiae" in Carmel, and we shall have an opportunity then to see some of his work at close hand.

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Much excitement and "I told you sos" have greeted the announcement of the engagement of Charlotte Lawrence and Lieut. Robert George Fergusson, stationed at the Monterey Presidio. Charlotte is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Gest Lawrence of Carmel. Her fiance is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Fergusson of Chicago and the brother of John Fergusson of Lafayette, Indiana. The wedding will be an event of the early fall.

Young People To Hold Community Church Session

The first of the Young People's meetings at the Community church will be held Sunday evening at 6:30. Several Epworth League members from Pacific Grove will relate their experiences at the Monte Toyon People's Institute which closed last week. Nearly 300 high school and college young people gathered together for the camp under a group of fine youth leaders. There will be a discussion of the Labor Day week-end to be held next month.

Moving pictures of the Monte Toyon Junior Camp will be shown at the church Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Junior church members and their parents are invited to attend. Dick Tevis will run the projector. Carmel children who attended the Junior Camp were: Mary Ada Torras, Willette Torras, Barbara Mylar, Billy Askew, Dorothy Nixon, Kenneth Moore, Ryse Smith and Barbara Bodley. They were accompanied by Mrs. D. E. Nixon and the Rev. and Mrs. Homer S. Bodley.

The Rev. Mr. Bodley will speak on "Functioning Ideals" at the 11 o'clock Sunday morning service at the Community Church. Next month is Rally Month for church activities after the summer vacation holidays. The Community Church invites members of all creeds to attend the services.

+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Young and their daughter, Jane, are guests of the Peter Elliotts of Carmel. Jane was guest of honor at a dance given by Patty Lou Elliott at the Mission Ranch Club last week. The Youngs make their home in Fargo, North Dakota.

Professor and Mrs. David Keys and their son, David, of Montreal, made a welcome surprise visit last week to Professor and Mrs. Frank Lloyd. Professor Keys is one of McGill University's able physicists, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, of which Professor Lloyd was president four years ago, and one of the latter's many esteemed friends and colleagues.

Last Sunday the Lloyds entertained old friends from South Africa, Professor and Mrs. Adamson. Professor Adamson holds the Chair of Botany in the University of Capetown. The Lloyds make their home at San Carlos near Thirteenth.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About Eating and Eaters

The following letter and enclosure came in the mail this week. We like both. If CONSTANT EATER *can do it, we can take it.—Ed.*

"Dear Editor:

"I wonder if you would consider using another column in your attractive and apparently flourishing weekly? You already have one that is literary, another that is social, another canine and still another of general but decidedly nautical flavor. The one I should like to provide would not encroach upon the fields of any of these excellent contributors but would be content to take a lower station in the columnar scale. It would deal only with food and its allied subjects—that is, everything in any way related to the sad but true platitude: 'Everybody has to eat.'

"There are seasons in other lines, perhaps, but kitchens go on forever, a daily necessity. We may eat a little more on Thanksgiving and in cold weather, but we eat, God knows, every day, rain or shine.

"These few obvious truths being so, I should hope to interest quite a few CYMBAL readers, at least a certain percentage of those who not only can't live without eating, but don't want to! Myself, I belong to the latter category and therefore food seems to me about the only subject which it is impossible to exhaust.

"So—how about a food column?

—CONSTANT EATER"

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Don't ask me to quote any figures on this, but my bet is that more people spend more time thinking about food, planning, preparing, eating and clearing it away, than is spent in any other way!

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You can exist without clothes: that is, in certain climates and possessed of a certain mental hardiness. You can exist without practically everything mentioned in the new Sears, Roebuck catalog, or its highbrow equivalent, the Encyclopedia Britannica. But take away a few little one-syllable commodities, take away food, sun and sleep, and where are you?

As a housewife I don't spend much time indulging in sleep or worrying about the supply of sunshine. If it's foggy it's foggy, and if we don't like it we can go up the Valley . . . Or wait a little while and there'll be sun . . .

But *food!* That we always have with us—well, maybe we don't have exactly enough of it when an unexpected bunch of relatives drops in just at lunch time on their way down the San Simeon Highway—(Did you ever see so many of your friends and acquaintances other summers?) But the necessity of getting meals rises with us in the morning and accompanies us through the day . . . *day by day . . . day after day* . . . it always has . . . it always will . . . one meal hardly cleared away before time to think about the next . . . Do I know that old story about the farmer who couldn't understand why his wife went insane—why, he explained, righteously puzzled, "she hadn't been out of the kitchen for thirty years." *Do I know it!* Some days it seems to me that that is the funniest and the fact-est story I ever heard.

And then on other days . . . Well, thank goodness, I like to eat! And I'll bet that's what saves a lot of housewives from going nuts. Of course, some ultra-conscientious souls undoubtedly find their entire pleasure in planning food to suit the rest of the family's tastes. Others of us, on a lower plane of life, cook most of the time the dishes we like best ourselves. And doggone it, why shouldn't we? Aren't we the ones who slave in the kitchen to keep the others sleek and well-nourished? They ought not to begrudge us our chocolate cakes and our experiments with new and strange recipes we pick out of magazines. We earn 'em!

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We may not be able to preserve the fading glories of the good old days, but on the other hand, those of that era who stumbled over the ruts and into the ditches by the flickering of the famed Carmel lanterns didn't know the fun of modern productions like *Krusteaz*, with which amateurs can turn out grand and really professional flaky pie crust in a couple of minutes . . . or ready-mixed French dressing . . . or stainless steel knives! . . .

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When I get tired of the eternal round of preparing meals I sometimes think about cooking all summer in the grilling heat of other parts of the country! Certainly food markets and restaurants ought to be constantly thanking their lucky stars that it's never too hot on the Monterey Peninsula to enjoy food.

Often when I see a watermelon I remember those sweltering days of summer work eons ago in New York and Philadelphia—those days of unbearably heavy, moist heat when the sight and smell of food were abhorrent. Okay for those who could afford the cool spacious interiors of the high class restaurants, but for us who were forced to eat our daily lunch in crowded Childs' or an Automat, the sign "Watermelon on Ice" was almost the only culinary promise we did not regard with a glassy eye of loathing . . .

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Speaking of watermelon—did you notice that a California farmer has succeeded in growing a *seedless* variety? Oh boy, says Oliver, wonder when we can buy 'em in Carmel.

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Hallett's Grocery Store on Dolores street has made an improvement by tearing out the front wall and making an open vegetable and fruit display possible. This appears to be the latest thing for grocery stores, all the new food establishments having adopted it.

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I'm still trying to figure out the economic and mental processes back of the variation in price on one staple food in Carmel. A large-size carton of Quick Quaker Oats costs 23 cents in two of our ten food markets, 24 cents in two of them, 25 cents in five of them, and 29 in one! Kind of interesting, isn't it?

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Life is complicated in a certain Carmel household by the fact that the masculine head of it demands a lemon pie with both under *and* upper crusts! He insists that in his youth it was available . . . And he doesn't mean lemon chiffon or lemon meringue or any other fancy pie like that—he means a plain lemon pie with two crusts. His wife hasn't found any person or any cookbook that can tell her how to make this peculiar concoction. Does any CYMBAL reader know of such a recipe? —CONSTANT EATER

Citizen Townsend Complains About Tennis Courts

Frank Townsend, in the role of tennis player, arose at the council meeting Wednesday night, and rather belligerently requested information as to why the new tennis courts in Carmel Woods are not available throughout the day. He said that he had been nformed that one could get the key whenever one wanted it, but also, he had been informed, Corum Jackson, chairman of the park and playground commission, carried it around in his pocket.

"Sometimes he's out the Carmel Valley and we can't chase him out there whenever we want to play tennis."

Corum was properly incensed at this.

"I don't carry the key around in my pocket," he said. "And the tennis courts are not wide open all the time because they are too valuable to be at the mercy of anyone who might misuse them."

He explained that the builders of the courts had recommended that they be taken particular care of until the flooring, or whatever it is, sets properly.

"Well, if they aren't ready to be opened they shouldn't be opened at all," countered Townsend. He went on to say that keeping the gate locked did not, however, keep the children out as they climbed the fence.

Jackson said that the commission couldn't be blamed for that, and he insisted that everything possible was being done to protect the courts and at the same time permit play on them. He pointed out that the city could not afford to put a perpetual caretaker there and that the commission had to depend on the services of a WPA worker who could be on hand only from 2 o'clock to 6 in the afternoon.

The discussion ended with the council apparently satisfied that the commission was doing the best it could with a difficult situation.

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From the "Diary of a Pioneer" by Walter Colton which is running in the *Peninsula Herald* we offer you the following: "The Californians breakfast at eight, dine at twelve, take tea at four, supper at eight, and then go to bed—unless there is a fandango." This was written in 1846. 'Twas ever thus.

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Gretchen Schoeninger and Ed Needler, well known Bay Region musician, are visiting at the Schoeninger home on The Point. Gret and Ed drove down from Berkeley with Sara and Gene Chance.

HOPKINS LABORATORY SUMMER SESSION ENDS TOMORROW

The summer session at the Hopkins Marine Station in Pacific Grove ends Saturday. There will be no classes at the Stanford Marine Biology Institute during the month of September and the halls will be closed for repairs and overhauling of equipment. The regular research staff, however, will remain in the building to continue its studies unhindered by class work. The autumn quarter begins early in October.

The manuscript for the first volume of Dr. Gilbert Morgan Smith's book on marine algae was sent to McGraw-Hill, publishers, in New York, this week. Ruth Daniel has been preparing it for publication during the summer.

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COOTE CHINESE FILMS RAISE GOOD SUM TO AID SPANISH

Some 50 Peninsula people gathered at the home of Mrs. Theodore Criley last Saturday evening at the benefit showing of Major Ralph A. Coote's pictures of the Orient. The affair was to raise money for the Spanish war-stricken children and is under the auspices of the Organization for Medical Aid to Spanish Democracy. This is the second of the events for the purpose of raising funds and at present a sum of $130 has been obtained.

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GABE BURNETTES CHRISTEN DAUGHTER PHYLLIS

Phyllis Ann Burnette, the four-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Burnette, was christened last Sunday at the Burnette home in Hatton Fields. Dr. Charles Gardner, retired Stanford University chaplain, officiated at the ceremony. Sponsors for the child were Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell and Mr. Burnette's sister, Mrs. Morris M. Keck of Chicago. A small group of friends attended the christening and the informal tea which followed.

Bertha Zerega has gone East to be in New York for an indefinite stay.

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Disappearance of Carmel Man Causes Fear Of Foul Play

(Continued from Page One)

The absence of the dog, and its failure to respond to calls or the barking of other dogs which have been taken on the search, doubles the anxiety of Wolter's friends and his brother, Joe Wolter, who lives in the Carmel Valley. Joe Wolter believes that his brother has met with foul play as he discounts completely any possibility that Gus lost himself in territory that he knows as well as he does Ocean avenue. If he were injured, the dog certainly would return, or howl for help, Joe Wolter believes.

Also adding to the fear that he is the victim of foul play is the fact that he is a man of great courage and bravery and that he would not hesitate to walk in on any number of persons who he thought were violating the law or disturbing his property.

Gus Wolter is 49 years old and has been a resident of Carmel for many years, running a woodyard on San Carlos street, near Seventh.

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WOODPECKER TREE AT DEL MONTE IS INTERESTING

One of the most interesting trees on the tree paradise of the Del Monte Hotel grounds is not a beautiful tree at all. It is a woodpecker tree.

It has been pecked by woodpeckers to such an extent that, on its north side, it looks like the reverse side of a collander.

That is, it would look like a collander if the holes weren't filled up. But they are—with acorns which, we have been told, were placed there by the woodpecker, or woodpeckers, who dug the holes with their beaks.

Or do they do it with their beaks? It would seem to us that there would be no more certain way of getting and keeping a headache.

But go and look at the tree. It's on the lawn, just outside of the hedge that shuts the Roman pool off from the automobile road.

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SMITTY, SHAKER, SAYS HE'S NOT MARRIED

Smitty, who mixes 'em at Whitney's, makes emphatic denial of the report that he has been married by a woman. He says that it's only on rare occasions that a white woman marries a bartender. We'll let him say that—we won't. We remember in an unguarded moment we let that out as being funny and the bartender was Irish. It was just as though we asked him how to get to St. Joseph's Hospital. But, anyway, Smitty says he isn't married, or, at least, he hasn't been able to find any woman who has married him, or might. He says he isn't the marrying kind. He may rank as the third handsomest bartender in Carmel, but he's no Casanova like Henry. We suspect that Smitty merely wants us to record that he is definitely not out of circulation.

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The Millis girls are back in town—temporarily. They arrived home from their trip to Indiana by way of the Grand Canyon and are staying with their aunt, Glenna Peck, and their brother, Bill, before they depart for San Francisco to enter school. Martha is entering Mills College next month and Jane and Ann will begin their studies at the Sara Dix Hamlin school in San Francisco.

"Elephant Boy" Again; Sets a Record Here

Carmel just doesn't seem to want to let go of "Elephant Boy." Young *Sabu* and his great friend and teacher, the elephant *Toomai*, have been adopted by the theater-going public in the town to such an extent that tonight makes the 13th day of this film in Carmel. It has shown to capacity houses each night. Dick Bare is holding the picture over for two more days, tonight and tomorrow, and then it will definitely leave town. Records for attendance at the film have been established by many local fans. One woman has seen it five times and many have seen it two, three and four times.

"Elephant Boy," just in case you have been hibernating in your cell and don't know what's going on, is adapted from Rudyard Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." The young native Hindu, who takes the part of *Sabu*, who is *Sabu* in fact, was a discovery of Robert Flaherty, the director, after months of searching. Young *Sabu* was not interested in being in "moving pictures" but when he was led to the massive elephant which was to be his special charge in the picture, he at once agreed to take the part. The elephant and the boy established a bond of confidence at once and we are told played many tricks on the film company. At one time they ran off together at a terrific pace, throwing the camera men and director in a panic. They were found by a stream, the elephant playing in the water and *Sabu* calmly scratching the elephant's ear. *Sabu* has been taken to England now. He has his own miniature car and his gleaming teeth show through a grin of happiness and curiosity as he views and becomes a part of a world he never knew existed. We hope, perhaps vainly, that he is not spoiled. But at least we have "Elephant Boy."

The regular feature planned for this week-end was "Michael Strogoff" the film presentation of the exciting Jules Verne story, so tonight and tomorrow the theater audiences will see not only "Elephant Boy" but also "Michael Strogoff," as originally planned.

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Plan To Raffle Art Gallery Paintings

Plans are being made for the raffle sale of the three donated pictures at the Carmel Art Gallery. Armin Hansen, William Ritschel and John O'Shea have each contributed a canvas to be sold to raise funds for the new adition to the gallery. Several hundred dollars have already been pledged. The group hopes to provide an adequate room for art classes and a possible nucleus for an art school in Carmel. More definite plans will be announced later.

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Bachelors' Bender Eclat Affair at River Mouth

The Carmel Bachelors' Bender, held at the beach last night, introduced our Libby as a music critic. Each person who attended was required to bring a musical instrument whether he could master it in ten easy lessons or no. The first prize went to the one able to make the most noise and the second to him or her able to play his instrument the worst. As far as we can see, it must have been an all-around tie, and Liby, the judge, was just showing favoritism.

The place where the party "to end all parities", as the invitations read, was held, was "Where the Carmel River Meets the Sea, Sand and Sewer". The board of Bachelors Benders included Black Bart, president; Marcy Brennan, thief and treasurer; Tommy Tooker, pub licity ; Bob (Pacific Grove) Norton, chef ,and Ray Burns, janitor.

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Remember to look in your attic or garage or what have you, for old bottles and early theater relics for the First Theater exhibit. Bring them to THE CYMBAL office or to the Theater direct.

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Gustav Lannestock, graduate of the Gymnastical Institute of Gothenburg, Sweden, and an expert in Swedish massage, has arrived in Carmel. Lannestock recently sold his business in Hollywood. "Too much work" is his complaint. He plans to stay in Carmel for several months and not work so hard.

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Blackie O'Neal has come back to town. The plan to put "Tatters" on in Reno seems to be still up in the air or down the Gulch. Anyway by now, Blackie is headed south again.

Benioff, San Francisco furrier, is having an exclusive showing of live chinchillas at his store this week-end. We wonder how seeing the live animal is going to effect the prospective buyer.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

This was begun in a spirit of "a column to end all columns" or something like that when the winter rains kept us indoors last winter and there was a definite need for means to while away the long winter evenings. But now it appears to be a column to end Francis L. Lloyd, or something like that.

Be that as it may, it is still good "escape", in the specialized, lit'ry sense.

So I turn my thoughts to a better time, when rich man and poor man were bound alike, and the rich man didn't have a dime and the poor man didn't have a job, and in blue jeans and an old sweater and well-worn shoes we could sit together around the fire and talk.

Those were the good old days, as near the Golden Age as we in Carmel have been since the old Hopper house burned down, since John Northern Hilliard gargled "bully!" over the turkeys in "Shore Acres" and since Rem Remsen grew that blazing beard.

Those were the good old days, all right, when we had time for talk, time for drinking of bad wine, time for song.

But now, alas! All is different. We plug along each day, thinking of dollars, and, to make a pun, it doesn't make sense. We have a foolish goal before us, and insane notion, that by working and saving, by planning and care, we can get ahead of the game.

And where are we today, any better off than a few years ago when we didn't have the nickels we spend in the dime store? With a homesickness in our hearts we turn now and then back to hamburger, the dime-a-pound standby we can get for two-bits today, and with a care cook it as well as we used to—but it ain't the same. It ain't the same.

Although we haven't the desire, we could go get that bad wine we got before repeal from Big John or Mr. Bruscia for as much as the traffic would bear, or later from Mr. Leidig for thirty-five cents the gallon jug. But, folks, it wouldn't be the same.

But why live in the beautiful past, the past where poets sang and fauns danced, and all men were equal in poverty? Today we have stocks and bonds with us once again, and bank accounts, and the milkman hands our bill to the collector with something akin to hope in his breast, and we dance the jig that was abroad in the land after Charleston.

But, I ask again, are we any happier?

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And another reason why we are happier today, as we should be in this land of plenty, in this land of future, in this fair country where every man is born free, equal, and in various hues, is war over China.

Already we have nearly forgotten the war over Spain, to which jolly Welsh sea captains sailed their ships with potatoes for the Basques, because long ago part of the blood of each was the same. That war has become just one of many raging, while the China scrap holds the headlines, because the other war is stale, and, to the newspapers at this stage of the game, unprofitable.

Some few over here are already mourning their dead, and some because those nitwits who have some sort of authority to order Americans out of the danger area, allowed them to stay and get their eye teeth blown sky high.

So far the Chinese have been the ones who have kept their heads the best, and they are playing an old game, which they have played against invader after invader, and which is called "China for the Chinese."

This is a game in which the home team lies low. Maybe it gets spiked here and there, but, when the visiting team begins to get tired of playing and is ready to pick up the marbles and go home, the Chinese get out their dragon and finish the war. After all, the Chinese are biologically fitted for just that, because their country has been the testing ground of their people for ages, and so far they have stood the test.

The Chinese have gone through flood and drought, disease and domination, and biologically they are fitted for it. They have absorbed every racial strain that invaded their territory. They have been fruitful and multiplied after starvation reduced their numbers, they have rebuilt after flood and earthquake and destruction by man.

They have survived what the Egyptians failed to survive, the building of a great piece of masonry without equal in the world.

And wouldn't it be funny to see Japan further absorbed by China, to such an extent that the chubby, stubby little Japanese boys would all be running around with lanky Chinese pigtails.

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Monterey, a lot of fine, upstanding young men who follow statistics and check over their fellowmen like so many cattle will tell you, is going to the dogs.

However, a noble effort is being made to save Monterey from any such picturesque end. A Committee is at Work. Please don't disturb. Monterey is to be saved from sardines, from fish in general, from those dirty fishermen, and, behold, turned into another Santa Monica.

Behold, wonders are wrought by Chambers of Commerce!

Monterey shall be handed over to the pursuers of pleasure. Its harbor shall be gaily decked with bunting, and drunken commodores welcome to the yacht club pier fair ladies from San Francisco and Hollywood, here for the week-end, don't you know!

About the fine yacht harbor shall dash spluttering speedboats, in which intoxicated young men shall imagine themselves future Gar Woods.

The purse seiners and canneries shall be removed to Pittsburgh, the rest of the fishermen to Santa Cruz, the markets on the old fish wharf and the wharf itself to history, and behind the breakwater shall bounce bright little boats not fit for the sea and in them the whelps of another breed of men, a breed better fitted to watch the ticker tape and talk in terms of real estate values.

At last, the optimum man shall be here, seeking his pleasures. Hosanna! For the new day dawns.

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MRS. J. A. COUGHLIN FLEES SHANGHAI TURMOIL

Among 256 passengers listed by the State Department as aboard the Dollar liner *President Jefferson* out of Shanghai for Manila are Mrs. J. A. Coughlin and two daughters, their address listed as "Carmel." Coughlin, who apparently stayed behind in the war-torn city where last reports had him running a newspaper, edited and published the *Carmelite* about nine years ago. He abandoned it to return to China where he had previously edited a newspaper.

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How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

Here You Are, Frank Townsend; You Can Go and Weep on This Shoulder

Here you are, Frank Townsend.

You remember, you put us on the spot some few weeks ago by demanding to know what was, or is, a "professional listener"? Well, here's your answer, in case you didn't happen to read it yourself in last Sunday's *Chronicle*:

The *Chronicle*, it appears, got curious about the ad they were running in their own newspaper. It read: "Professional listener—any subject—Eliz. Mason, GR. 8886."

So they looked up Eliz, and interviewed her. The story they printed as a result is in part as follows:

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"An ear for sale"?

So, then, to interview Miss Mason at her modest home at 1228 Geary street.

A rather attractive person with friendly eyes, Miss Mason. She explains it this way:

"People have always come to me with their troubles, and I have been a willing listener. So, why not get paid for it?"

She says that her clients are, for the most part, middle-aged persons with trouble at home, or just lonesome.

"Many wives come," she said, "to voice the thoughts they have about their husbands, sometimes petty little things, which they have magnified enormously."

To these, and others with similar problems, Miss Mason says she gives simple advice if they ask for it.

Sometimes her clients telephone her later and report on how it all came out.

Another type she meets—the promoter with a brain child—she says some of these are very difficult, because if she knew where there was a lot of money she'd go after it herself.

Youth has a part, too. Though most of them just come and brood aloud, she says that a light touch now and then sometimes helps them along.

The lonely ones, she says, are the most difficult, because it's very hard to give an old lady some cheerful thought why she should continue to live after Harry with whom she braved 50 years of life, has gone.

Citizens Urge Council To Improve And Maintain Forest Theater

(Continued from Page One)

agreed to permit the closing of Seventh street, between Santa Rita and Guadalupe, except for a 10-foot lane, if the city would give it a 20-foot strip on its side, while the city retained the 20 feet over which the Forest Theater is lapping now.

Councilman Joseph Burge said this might be all right with the Joselyn family, which owned all of that one block across Seventh street from the Forest Theater, but how about the property owners in the next block, between Guadalupe and Forest Road? He said he would want a legal opinion on this. There was no attorney present to provide this, so that went over.

The second alternative plan of the park commission for improvement of the Forest Theater property appeared to sit better than any other, both with the council and with the interested citizens in the lobby. This calls for an expenditure of $2800 to raze the present structures, including the stage, rebuild the stage, and clean up the grounds completely. This would put the Theater in shape to be used for productions, and Eugene A. H. Watson and Herbert Heron, of the Forest Theater group, advised the council that the Theater should be considered as an income-producing institution. Both Watson and Heron told of profits having been made over the years by the Forest Theater productions; that receipts had paid for the property, improved it, built the stage and paid the taxes up until the depression. Even then, Heron pointed out, the Forest Theater went back only a few hundred dollars in taxes.

It was the consensus of council members, park commission and lobby alike that the Forest Theater should be continued and maintained as a characteristic feature of Carmel life; that through it the city had received over the years great benefit in worth-while advertising, and that putting it in shape for productions would in the future net a return.

Just what the council will do in the matter of providing the funds the park commission asks will be determined at the tax ordinance meeting Monday.

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STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1265. Business licenses, 261.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief, Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carel Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmarte. West side of Monte Verde Bare, lessee and manager. Selections new, both American and foreign. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, A. M. 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P. M. 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel: A. M. 9:00, 11:20. P. M. 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: Northbound, A.M. 7:50, 9:35. P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

THINGS TO COME

MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte Theatre. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performance at 7 and 9 p.m. Matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and Saturday, "Elephant Boy," held over by request, and "Michael Strogoff." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Under the Red Robe." Wednesday and Thursday, Beniamino Gigli singing and acting in "Forever Yours."

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Warren William and Karen Morley in "The Outcast" and Glenda Farrell and Barton McLane in "Flyaway Baby." Saturday, Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern in "There Goes My Girl" and Richard Arlen and J. Farrell McDonald in "Silent Barriers." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Joe Penner and Milton Berle in "New Faces of 1937." Wednesday, Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold in "Easy Living." Thursday and Friday, George Brent and Anita Louise in "The Go-Getter" and Laurel and Hardy and Patsy Kelly in "Pick A Star."

DRAMA

First Theater in Monterey. Corner of Pacific and Scott. Denny-Watrous Management presents the second of their old-time melodrama revivals, "In the Shadow of the Rockies," and a new olio including some of the established favorites, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 3, 4, 5, 6. Tickets at Thoburns in Carmel and Lial's and the Palace Drug in Monterey.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at the Girl Scout House, corner of Lincoln and Sixth. Group readings of Shakespearean plays, act by act, with a final public reading. Visitors and readers welcome. A fee of 10 cents is made to defray expenses of the group. "Othello" is being read at present.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

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Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Newell are parents now. The child (and we're sorry we haven't learned whether it is a boy or a girl) was born a couple of weeks ago in Los Angeles where the Newells are now staying. Gordon hopes to be able to come back this way soon and complete the house which he has started at Big Sur. We can expect him to turn out several sculptural pieces of "Mother and Child" now if his paternity affects him as it does most.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Five cents a line for one insertion. Four cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Fifteen cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CHEERFUL, WARM, completely furnished cottage. Two bedrooms and two baths. Will sleep six people. A few blocks from town, beach and school. $4800. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Realtor, Ocean and Lincoln. Telephone 98.

SMALL HOTEL. Near beach. Lot, 90 x 100. Address P. O. Box 1985, Carmel, or call Carmel 82 for particulars.

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT for six months or longer, two bedroom house on Scenic Drive. Excellent heating equipment, garage, etc. Reasonable rent to responsible tenants. P. O. Box 222, Carmel. (tf)

HOW ABOUT THIS? A delightful bit of Carmel atmosphere (the kind that's fast fading away), a real, old (yet new as to comfort and conveniences) Carmel home of two bedrooms—in the pines with a bird bath just outside the French windows. Secluded and quiet, but less than a jiffy from the post office and the best public school in California. For lease or sale. Write P. O. Box 822 to see it.

JOBS WANTED

EXPERT TUTORING. Wm. Thurston Brown. (Yale). With Menlo Junior College, 1923-1935. Telephone Carmel 1106-J.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095. tf

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE at greatly reduced price—a 5½ cubic foot, all porcelain Frigidaire. It has been reconditioned and is as good as new. See Belvail Electric Shop, Carmel Theatre Building, Ocean Ave. Phone 1040.

TRY MME. PIRENNE'S fresh berry jelly at Sun Deck Poultry shop on 7th Street. Ask your grocer for Amber Marmalade or telephone order. Mme. Pirenne 354-W.

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 886-R. (12)

GUARD YOUR HEALTH, increase your vitality with a European Massage. IDA HANKE, La Giralda Building, Room 7, Phone, Carmel 832.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS clean up yards.

Bob Stanton Does Good Job With New Hospital

In case you hadn't yet heard about it, it might be in order to remark that our Bob Stanton, architect de luxe, or something, recently gathered unto himself another fine job. It's the San Benito county hospital at Hollister—a $72,000 job. Bob did a good job of designing and architecting, so they tell us, and about a week ago the contract for the building was awarded to the firm of F. C. Stolte of Alameda. The building will be in the form of the letter "P," the administration part in the lower half and the wards and hospital rooms in the circle part, all bordering an open courtyard. A patio will run around the entire building which is of one story.

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PAINTINGS VERY WELL WORTH SEEING AT TILLY POLAK'S

It would be worth your while to go into Tilly Polak's and see William Ritschel's latest black and white oil paintings and Armin Hansen's canvas of a ship in a storm at sea. Ritschel's is also a turbulent thing, masses of waves working themselves up into a frenzy as they beat on a rocky shore. The black and white lends itself beautifully to this subject and although that is all the color used—black and white—it is not difficult but surprising to see other colors in the painting.

Hansen's ship, broken and tossed about by sweeping seas, is done in a manner quite different from that ordinarily used for such subjects. The ship is not a distinct and separate entity in the picture; rather, it is a part of the ocean which is exhausting and enveloping it. Its fate is not of line or form, but of color and spirit. It is becoming, has become, of the likeness and image of its destroyer. —W. K. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bross of San Francisco were in Carmel the past week visiting P. A. and Sally McCreery. The four were childhood friends in Chicago. Whether all four were friends of each other, or just two or three of them were friends of the other two or three, we don't seem toremember, but the childhood friends thing goes, and the Chicago.

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CARMEL CAPERS

The gestation of an idea is much the same as that involved in conceiving and giving birth to any concrete or sentient form of life.

It appears nebulously and briefly, one day, on the surface of one's mind; it may be a line of poetry or even of prose but it is, at its original inception, too evanescent, too volatile quite to grasp. One permits it to slip back into the warm womb of the subconscious until days, weeks, or even months later, one feel the pangs of parturition, and suddenly there is one's idea, solid, complete and fully formed.

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The value of doing the same things day after day or of remaining in the same place is that such procedure serves clearly to mark the dangerous and inexorable passage of time. Even seeing the same tree at about the same time every day causes one to take note of the seasons.

To see the first leaves, small and brightly green in Spring. To follow their evolution through Summer's fruition, Fall's harvest, Winter's stark destruction, and Spring's rebirth, is to be made cruelly conscious that another un-recapturable year of one's life has irrevocably passed.

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To those loyal citizens of Salinas who have taken exception to some of our printed comment relative to that thriving little agrarian community, and who have distinguished themselves in sundry local bars more by the volume of their voices than by the sententiousness of their logic in her defense, we wish to say that we chose Salinas, not in order to detract from the reputation of that particular town, but as representative, in many ways, of a certain phase of American middle-class society which exists every place and has always seemed to this writer to be singularly lacking in cultural and esthetic standards.

We would sincerely like to see an end to the discussion, which appears to us to be out of proportion to the original paragraphs which provoked it. We would like to say, in what we hope will be conclusion, that to every assailant we have at least one supporter who has quietly written or expressed his agreement with us. It is further apparent that those same noisy defenders of the fair name of their homeland serve nicely and simply as living, breathing and particularly as yelling substantiation of our much-discussed statements concerning the culture of her manhood.

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Having been just subjected to one of those dramatic accounts so prevalent, of late, on the radio, and concerning the heroic activities of "G" men in bringing criminals to justice, it occurred to us that, in any such enterprises, it is always a case of many against one.

The criminal is almost invariably lone and hunted. The "G" men are not only numerous, but have the financial and moral backing of an entire nation. Under such circumstances, the only factor really worthy of comment is the enormous proportion of criminals who are still at large.

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At the risk of appearing a trifle inhospitable, yes, even rude, and just a shade off smug, we shall confess that we love summer Sunday evenings not just because the sun goes down behind the sea in a blaze of glory, nor just because that last cypress tree on the furthest point is silhouetted so poignantly against the sky, but also because of the departure of Carmel's week-end guests who leave the village to the gentler desecration of more familiar hands.

The following poem, called "To a Fat Lady Seen From a Train" serves not ineptly to describe some of our invaders:

O, why do you walk through the field in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white woman whom nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the field in gloves,

When the grass is soft as the breast of doves
And shivering sweet to the touch?
O why do you walk through the field in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?

—FRANCES CORNFORD

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A friend of ours, in the course of pointing out to us the depth and warmth of the friendship he bore us, particularly in contrast to men of less integrity, remarked, "Well, at least *I* don't talk behind your back."

Perhaps we are, in this respect, unique, but we hope that if there must be talk about us, it shall be always, and by all means, behind our back.

—LIBBY LEY

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Sunset Throws Open Doors Monday

It's all over tomorrow night. Back you go!

Sunset School teachers have already sent us word to change the address of THE CYMBAL from their family homes where they have been all summer, so that's the end for Tommy and Dicky and Harry and Jinny and Elsie and Sue.

Principal O. W. Bardarson has been on the job for a week now and whether he has personally done it or not, Sunset is all spick and span for the reception of teachers and pupils.

The figures will not be available, of course, for another week or more, but the chances are very much to the good that Sunset will have a good-sized increase in the enrollment for the new term.

There will be changes this year, also. The high and low grading of classes will be discontinued and you'll be in the fourth grade if you are in the fourth grade and not in the high or low fourth.

At any rate, school starts Monday, once more taking a try at leading the next generation in the educational paths which it should tread.

"In the Shadow of the Rockies" Next First Theater Production

The old carriage lamps will again light up the stage of the First Theater in California. The new play is called "In the Shadow of the Rockies" and will run September 3, 4, 5 and 6. According to Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, producing managers, it is not far from "Squatters' Gulch." George Marion, veteran actor who now lives in Carmel, has consented to give his valuable service in directing the play. Marion considers the script a fine one and well suited to the tradition already established for First Theater productions. Lloyd Weer is in charge of the preliminary rehearsals, one of which we visited this week.

We predict the rise of a new Peninsula star in this production. She is Grace Robertson who plays the part of the coy young schoolmarm from Boston and Lloyd Weer also has a splendid part.

Patricia Lee, who has played with several stock companies in Carmel, including the recent St. James Repertory Company and the Pinon Players of two years ago, is in it. Other, of course, are Bob Bratt, Ross Miller, Fern Hyde, Everett Gray, Harry Hedger and Gordon Knowles.

The Olio will have several new acts. Frances Montgomery, who wrote the music for the Denny-Watrous production of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," put on in 1928 under Morris Ankrum, has written two new acts. Miss Montgomery is now in San Francisco playing in the Federal Theater show, "Power." "The Great American Tourist" and the "Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden," as well as some new songs for that fine tenor voice of Bob Bratts, will make up part of the program of entertainment.

"Othello" Now Being Read By Local Group

Carmel Shakespeare Company had its first reading of "Othello" at the Girl Scout House Tuesday evening of this week.

As we get the report on it, Frank Townsend has Booth's great part of *Iago*; Sally Lasher is reading the "sweet and sympathetic role" of *Desdemona*; Herbert Heron is the *Othello*; Verna Butler reads the "fiery, dramatic" part of *Emilia*; Vadim Sounitza is *Cassio*; Jack Schroeder, *Brabantio* and Bob Johnston, *Roderigo*.

Others in the group are Clara Kellogg, Edith Frisbie, Stella Mather, Susan Myra Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Taylor, Eloise Carwyle, Mary Ackroyd, Mrs. Boardman and Sally Fry.

As to the identity of the Heron, who is reading *Othello*, the only thing we could get from the press agent who brought the story in to us was that he is a "damned good actor."

Everybody is welcome to attend the readings. There is no charge made, but a collection of 10 cents per person is made to help defray the general expenses of the hall.

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